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The Old Stone Mill.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

Down at the foot of the village hill,
Mossy and gray, stands the old stone mill.

With its sagging roof, its rotten flume,
Its creaking wheel, and its dusty room.

Groff, the miller, was old and gray;
He'd a heart of dint and a surly way.

His eyes were sunken, his nose was red,
And he hated the world as it had been led.

His furrowed features were dark and grim,
And he hated the world as it had been led.

The one fair hope, in his darkness way,
Was his blue-eyed grandchild, little May.

And a love for her, sincere and true,
And he hated the world as it had been led.

The fairest flowers the world has known
In the rusted places have often grown.

The sweetest blossoms of all the year
May soonest wither and disappear.

The days went by with their toll and care;
The summer roses bloomed fresh and fair.

And the winds of autumn tossed and whirled
The leaves of the woodland about the world.

And the river ran by the old stone mill—
But the gate was down and the wheel stood still.

While the village children sadly said:
"The miller is gone and the child is dead."

The waving willows again are green,
And the summer evenings once more serene.

Down at the foot of the village hill,
Mossy and gray, stands the old stone mill.

But the miller stands in the doorway there
With a kinder look than he used to wear.

Grief has melted his heart of stone,
And brought him nearer to our Father's throne.

And he'll tell the children who come that way
Of the wondrous beauty of little May.

Better Things.

Better to smelt the violet cloud, than sip
The glowing wine;

Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch
A diamond shine;

Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's
Favors proud;

Better the rose's living seed, than roses in
A crowd.

Better be fed by mother's hand, than eat
Alone at will;

Better to trust God, than say, "My goods
My storehouse fill."

Better to walk the realm unseen, than watch
The hour's event;

Better the "Well done!" at the last than the
Air with shouting rent.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's
Most favored birth;

Better a child in God's great house than the
King of all the earth.

GEORGE McDONALD.

Montenegro.

THE FIERY LITTLE PRINCIPALITY WHICH
DEFEATS THE TURKS.

The frontiers of Montenegro have always
been uncertain. For several centuries the territory has varied in extent according to its fortunes in war. Never for a moment owning the domination of the Turks, its people have been constantly embroiled with them and have kept such frontiers as they close to establish as long as they could by force of arms. From time to time they have succeeded in forcing their way in; then the Montenegro have risen and reasserted their rights by driving out the enemy and by cutting off the heads of all the Turks left on the battle-field. The Montenegro was and is bradled to the sound of songs which tell him to hate the Turk, and to kill him whenever and wherever he may meet him. The struggle, the hatred was never greater than now, nor was Montenegro ever bolder, for behind her stands a power whose prudence in allying her against the Turk is only exceeded by its firmness and the immensity of its resources—a power that is feared in Turkey—formidable and determined Russia. Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Montenegro all formed a part of the ancient country of the Dalmatians, which was united to the Roman empire under Tiberius. These various territories were settled, toward the middle of the seventh century, by the Slavonic tribes which came from beyond the Carpathian Mountains. Had these tribes been united permanently, they would to-day have formed one of the most powerful nations in Europe. But up to the date of the Ottoman conquest they were generally separate and distinct. Bosnia was ruled by kings, Herzegovina by dukes, and Montenegro by vladikas or prince-bishops. The people of each province did deeds of valor, but all save Montenegro succumbed before the fury of the Ottoman sword. The mountaineers have for four hundred and fifty years kept the Turk at bay, although he has succeeded in maintaining a foothold in every one of their kindred provinces except Dalmatia, which is protected by the Adriatic flag. The name Montenegro, according to reliable authorities, was given to the country by the Turks, because its gloomy recesses were associated in their minds with so many attacks from enemies which they could never see nor seize. Whoever gave the land the name, its appropriateness cannot be questioned. When the traveler crosses the Lake of Scutari in Albania, and sees before him an impenetrable amphitheatre of mountains clad in the most sombre colors of rocky surfaces where the shadows gather, and of uplands covered in summer with thick dark foliage, and in winter with nothing save the blackened skeletons of boughs, he cannot but exclaim, "This is Montenegro." A billiard table was brought to it on the backs of men from Dattaro, the people of the neighborhood to this day call it Bigliardo. The "palace", at present occupied by Prince Nicholas is a very plain, one-story edifice. It once possessed a roof covered with lead, but that came a time when bullets were much needed, and the lead was wrenched off and used to kill Turks with. This was but one of many free-will offerings from the prince to his people for the common safety.

Under a great tree in the centre of the village warriors meet when rumors of battle are in the air. They sit in a semi-circle, smoke much, talk little, decide quickly, and then go forth to slaughter. If they need any inspiration they have only to turn their gaze in the direction of the "Turks' Tower", a small round edifice on a high rock which overlooks the town.

On this tower it has been from time immemorial the custom to nail the heads of decapitated enemies. The prince who preceded Nicholas suppressed this public barbarism, but neither he nor his successor will ever succeed in preventing the Montenegro who has been one of the bravest of warriors, from cutting off his head. Unimpeachable witnesses assert that fifty-five Turkish heads were brought away from the fight at Urova last autumn, and that the prince's army had been one of the most active of the Montenegro agents in the Herzegovinian insurrection, himself told me that the practice of dissecting an enemy still prevails among his people.

Prince Nicholas now and then gives a banquet to his warriors, in his modest palace, and the spectacle on such occasions is unique in the extreme. From all points in this little principality come tall, gaunt men, clad in their gaudy costumes, and wearing cuirasses of silver or steel. Gathered around the banquet-table, they are decorous and diffident, saying but few words, and listening to the tales of their exploits. Late at night, after the princely festivities are over, the warriors gather in a circle around a little fire in a cottage, and sing songs which are filled with memories of combat.

The prince is, of course, hardy and resolute in the midst of danger. He narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a Turk some years since, but he wanders about with his men, and is not afraid of a second attempt. His conduct during the disastrous days when Omar Pacha in 1862 succeeded in gaining a temporary victory over the Montenegro was in the highest degree manly and wise. His father, Mirko, who was a terrible scourge to the Turks, and who was aiding in the complete military development of the principality, was ordered by the Sultan to be executed at the conclusion of the campaign of 1862, to be expelled from the country. But although the Turks were then in a condition to sign a peace with the Montenegro, they could not summon force enough to make them accept its onerous conditions, and Mirko the Valiant remained among his native mountains.

Prince Nicholas, at dawn, and before he was attended by a tiny suite through the streets of Cetinje, hearing the complaints of the poor and the oppressed, and the reports of his warriors. He enters the Senate-house, and listens to the fathers—discussions always accompanied by the clang of arms. Each senator has his heavy weapons laid upon his desk before him, and keeps his hand on the hilt of his sword. Each one smokes a long pipe furiously during the session, and when speaking emphasizes his many gestures with it. The prince sometimes makes an address to them, and is not surprised if he gets hungry while he is speaking. He visits the prisons, the courts; often acts as counsel for a criminal who has no defender; gives advice to the ignorant; and even settles family disputes. If he gets hungry while he is speaking, he has only to return to the Senate-house, where the fathers daily toast a sheep whole, and partake of the smoking flesh while still continuing the discussion of state affairs.—Lippitt's Magazine.

"I'll Take the Shortest, Papa."

One day a gentleman entered a store, accompanied by his two little daughters.

"Buy us each a lead pencil, papa," said Adda.

"Yes, do, papa," said Mary, entreatingly.

He studied a moment and then said, "I'll get you one and divide it between you." Which he did, but contrary to his intentions one piece was longer than the other. Laying the two pieces together, he said, "One piece is smaller than the other, daughters. What shall I do?"

"If you expect to see the pink lips point, but instead the clear voice of little May, the younger of the two, rang cheerily, "I'll take the shortest, papa."

The tears glistened in more than one eye for a moment, and many times since have her unselfish words echoed in my ears.

Afterward a lady came in with a little daughter. "Buy me something, mamma," said the little girl.

"One is for you," she said, "and the other is for Mary."

I knew that poor Mary's lot in life was a sad one. All winter she had been helpless with inflammatory rheumatism, and when spring came we feared quick consumption was on her track.

The little girl eyed the figs, and as she went out filled her mouth full with one—fuller than it ought to have been, she said the mother.

"There is hardly a bite in the other," said the girl.

"But Mary is sick," replied the mother.

"The selfish little girl was not sorry at all."

"I'll take the shortest, papa."

A WILMINGTON paper states that no less than 4,710,000 pounds of strawberries have been sent out of the State of Delaware this season. Of this amount 553 car-loads went to Jersey City, 35 to Boston, and 188 to Philadelphia. Seven cents per quart is the price realized, of which three cents is supposed to be clear gain. Exclusive of the cost of cultivation and marketing, this is considered a paying rate.

Make Children Happy at Home.

Invent every possible amusement to keep your boys happy at home evenings.

Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around you, with their whirling and rattling! We would stand against it if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff freckles at home, they sought amusement elsewhere.

The influence of a loving mother or sister is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone into the water it goes on and on through a man's whole life. Circumstances and worldly pleasures may weaken the remembrance for a time, but each touch upon the chord of memory will awaken the old-time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving words will come before him like a revelation.

The time will come before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of Strakosch or the songs of Jenny Lind; when you would gladly have dirty carpets, say, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's music, and Baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hencoop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is to be your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a great traveler or a foreign minister. Go with them to see their young rabbits, and chickens and pigeons—and down to the creek-fall to see the flutter bill in full operation. Have them gather mosses and grasses and bright autumn leaves to decorate their rooms when the snow is over all the earth. And you will keep your self young and fresh by entering into their joys. The happiest and the best of men and women are those who have the most of the boy and girl nature. While you keep this you will never grow morose and sullen, you will never grow too grand and dignified, or too far off from your children to understand them, and to be understood by them. In the lovely character of Edna, in Miss Mulock's "Woman's Kingdom," there is a picture of a perfect sympathy between a mother and her two loving boys. They knew she loved them too well to deny anything that was for their good, and submitting quietly to her decision, they did not feel that they were being overruled when she offered to give her whole afternoon to them; and each brain was instantly puzzling it with the great question, "What will please mother best?"

Rules to be Observed in Marketing.

There are a few hints respecting the selection of articles in market, particularly meats, fish and poultry, which may be of service to some of our readers.

In purchasing beef, take notice of the color. If well fed the lean will be a bright red, flecked with spots of clear white fat, and the suet firm and white. If the fat is yellow, don't buy the meat; you may be sure it is stale, and no plausible assurance from the butcher to the contrary should be accepted.

On beef is the best. Heifer beef is lighter colored, the white fat and the bones smaller, but the meat is not as sweet or so juicy, and not so economical. Veal should be fat, fine grained, firm and white. If too large it will be tough, unpalatable and unhealthy.

In selecting mutton seek plain bones, short legs, plump, fine grained meat, and be sure that the lean is dark colored, not light colored and bright red, like beef. The fat should be white and clear.

When in fact is generally understood as a desirable condition, it is too fat for common mortals' "daily food," and not at all economical; and, to perfectly satisfy an epicure, it must be kept till too tender for an uninitiated taste.

Lamb should be small, light red and fat. If not too warm weather, it ought to be kept a few days before cooking. It is stringy and indigestible if cooked too soon after killing. Neither lamb nor veal should be taken from spit or oven till the gravy that drops from it while cooking is white.

CHEESE AS A DENTRIFIC—It has been well established that charcoal, either in paste or powder, is highly injurious as a dentrifice. When often used, especially where the gums are soft, it is gradually forced in between the gums and the teeth by the pressure of the brush, producing a permanent dark bluish black discoloration.

The best dentrifice is a good tooth-brush, not too large nor too hard, with a cup of soft water, and the least bit of fine toilet soap. Wet the brush, and draw it across the teeth once or twice, and then apply it gently to the teeth; then rinse the mouth with clean water and the work is done.

Should there be occasion for repairs, call on a good dentist. With proper care our teeth would last as long as one ought to live.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Take gooseberries that are not too ripe, pick them over carefully, and weigh them; add equal weight of white sugar. Place the fruit and sugar in a deep, yellow nappy; add one pint of water to every six pounds of gooseberries. Place the nappy in a moderately hot oven, covering it tightly, and let it simmer slowly for forty minutes; then put it while boiling hot into small jars, and seal tightly.

For sprains and bruises, take one teaspoonful of saltpetre, two of soft soap, mix these well, and add two of vinegar; rub this mixture on the sprain or bruise two or three times a day.

Lux your first, last, and best confidant be your mother.

Stories of Vanderbilt.

It is conceded by all his physicians, says the New York Times, that the ability to withstand the shocks of disease evinced by Commodore Vanderbilt is due to his strong constitution and magnificent physique, aided by his abstemious habits and love of exercise in the open air. As an instance of how active he was in his fifty-eighth year, it is related that in 1832 he was on board the steamer *Princeton* of the Nicaragua line, as she was being moored to her berth at Pier No. 4, North River. A single jawer had been run from the ship to the pier, but owing to the strong current the ship could not be moved. The Commodore became impatient at the delay, and throwing his cane on the dock, swung himself, hand over hand, on the hawser from the ship to the pier. Then picking up his stick, he said, "I was not going to stay there all day," and walked slowly up the dock.

Many stories showing his strong prejudices and peculiarities in those days, in regard to his business, are told of him. On one occasion, in 1853, a Mr. Loper, of Philadelphia, who had built a number of propellers, and who was strongly in favor of that class of vessels, called on the Commodore to try to induce him to use propellers instead of side-wheel steamers on the Nicaragua line. He exhibited a model to the Commodore, and predicted that in ten years from that time not a single side-wheel steamer would be built, as the propellers were superior to them, both in speed and economy. After hearing all that Mr. Loper had to say, the Commodore said, "All you say, Mr. Loper, may be true, but I'll tell you what I'll do. You build a propeller, and I'll build one of my walking-beam ships, and I'll run you a race from New York to Liverpool, ship for ship." Mr. Loper did not accept the wager, and the Commodore never built a propeller.

One of his peculiarities is that he signs his name thus, "Van Derbilt," pronouncing it "Wanderbilt," as if written with a W, the old Dutch pronunciation of the name. Many years ago, when Wm. H. Vanderbilt was a boy, the old gentleman made arrangements to send him to a boarding school in Bedford, Westchester county. It being necessary to procure a name for the boy, the father and son, who then lived in Madison street, went to the Bowery to purchase one. After they had selected a trunk William suggested that it would be well to have it marked with his initials. "The Commodore acquiesced, and turned to the storekeeper and said, 'Put 'W. W.' on the end,' meaning W. V. 'W. W.' said the storekeeper, inquiringly. 'Yes,' said the Commodore, 'W. W.' The man still not seeming to understand, the old gentleman said, '—it, Bill, you tell him.' William then explained what his father meant, and W. V. was put on the end of the trunk in bright, brass-headed tacks, as was the custom in those days.

The title of Commodore was given him in the year 1834 by David Heywood, who was at that time captain of the *Steamboat Champion*, running between New York and Albany. The Commodore owned her as well as the *Steamboat Nimrod*, with which he was running a day line to Albany in opposition to other lines.

A Great Frenchman's Opinion.

De Toqueville, on his visit to this country, lodged once with Judge Spencer, of Canal-Street, N. Y. He arrived there towards the end of the week, and on Saturday, as the country people came in crowds to make their purchases and close up the business of the week, he was surprised at their numbers, and also at their comfortable and thrifty appearance. On the morning of Sunday—a bright, cool, delightful day—as he looked out after breakfast, he was struck with the sight of the people in the streets, and all was still and quiet as if the place had been deserted. And he asked Mr. Spencer—

"What does this mean?"

"Why," said Mr. Spencer, "it is Sunday."

But this, to a Frenchman, was no explanation; and when he asked still further as to its meaning, Mr. Spencer replied—"Wait till the bells ring, and then you will see."

At half-past ten the bells from all the churches rang out their call to divine worship, and soon the broad walks of the street were crowded with people, neatly and comfortably, and many of them expensively dressed, and all quietly thronging their way to the churches. And as again De Toqueville asked Mr. Spencer as to the meaning of all this, he was told that this was the American way of keeping the Sabbath, and that every Sunday the great masses of the people thus laid aside their labor and all secular occupations, and went up to the house of God, to be instructed in truth, and directed in duty, both for this world and the next. And as De Toqueville pondered the sight, and heard the explanation, he raised his hands, and with deep earnestness said—

"Mr. Spencer, France must have your American Sabbath, or she is ruined!"

BOSTON CRACKERS.—Sometimes a particular word will tell us as much about a stranger in our company as a national brogue would—or a Jewish nose.

A Bostonian abroad, sitting down to the *table d'hôte*, surrounded, as he supposed, by foreigners, was surprised and delighted to hear an apparently bluff Briton ask the waiter to "bring some crackers." Turning hesitatingly on the gentleman who had issued the order, he asked—

"When did you leave Boston?"

Confirming his nationality by answering one question with another, the interrogated said—

"How did you know I came from Boston?"

To which the first Athenian responded, "Because they don't have crackers anywhere else."

And the result was a pleasant acquaintance between two fellow-citizens.

GREENGLAZE is called after the Gage family, who first took it into England from a monastery in Paris.

Good Range and Plenty of Water.

A correspondent of the *Poultry Argus* gives the suggestions below on these topics:

I have for many years been a poultry fancier, and for a few years have bred the Asiatic and French varieties, and am satisfied that it pays better than the same capital in any other investment.

Although the past year has been a very unfavorable one, and many poultry yards have been almost entirely depopulated by diseases incident to fowls, still this is no argument against the improvement of our domestic birds. Large numbers of fowls cannot be successfully reared together, especially in limited range, and this is often a cause of defeat with inexperienced fanciers who are anxious to increase their numbers beyond the capacity of their accommodations, and ready to ascribe the cause to something else, for which they look forever in vain. It is the rock on which I split, and it was only by sad experience that I learned the truth that beyond a certain limit you must not attempt to go, and if you do your chances are to lose all. As to the number of fowls which may be successfully reared on a given amount of space, that will depend on the location and surroundings. If the ground be high and dry, and remote from marshes, a larger number will thrive than on low and swampy ground, and although a pure and plentiful supply of water is indispensable, it should be supplied either by an active stream or a dripping fountain. It has been estimated that one acre of ground is enough for three hundred fowls, but my opinion is to the reverse, and that three acres of ground will better accommodate one hundred fowls. In conclusion, let me say that upon the hygienic surroundings of your poultry yards, buildings, etc., much of your success will depend.

The Farmer's Home.

Of all places in the world, the farmer's home should be made most attractive. It is there the most of his time is spent. It is there he raises his children and receives the visits of his neighbors. It is there his wife is made happy or miserable.

The house need not be pretentious, if the surroundings are pleasant. There should be trees in the yard for shade and ornament. These may be got from the neighboring forests or from the nursery, or from both. If some of them are evergreens, they make home look cheerful, even in winter. If flowering shrubs and flowers are planted, they speak of refinement and purity within. If a fine garden is near at hand, it is a valuable adjunct, and adds much to the comfort of the inmates. It should not only contain all the choice culinary vegetables, but a portion should be set off for small fruits, such as gooseberries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, grapes, blackberries, etc. Then a good orchard of well-selected fruits should be near at hand, and should be watched and guarded from insect foes. And every farmer should know how to bud and graft, so that he may avail himself of the fine varieties of fruits which some of his neighbors may have obtained.

He should teach his children how to bud and graft, and propagate by layers and cuttings. Every teacher in a district school should teach his pupils how to do all these things, and he ought not to be given a certificate until he knows how to perform these operations perfectly.—*Columbia's Rural World*.

SAWDUST FOR WALKS.—In the extensive wild garden at the well-kept pleasure grounds at Canfield, near Southampton, the gardener has used sawdust as a dressing for the pathways cut out amongst the hedges and trees in woodlands. The result has been smooth mown lawns, bright, clean gravel walks, and brilliant flower-beds, on the one side, and to the adjuncts of this wild garden, both pleasing and refreshing, and seems specially adapted when the sun sheds its tropical heat, and quietness and solitude are most appreciated. The walks are firm and yet soft to the tread; the sawdust soon becomes of a neutral tint, closely allied to the crushed dried leaves of the beech, which here so much abounds. Weeds seldom grow, and these are easily kept in check with a hoe, and a light sweeping with a broom keeps all clean and neat.

THE EFFECT OF COLD ON MILK.—The *Lancet* says that the effects of a low temperature on milk have been carefully examined by M. Eugene Tisser, and who recently communicated his observation to the Academy of Sciences. He found that if cow's milk is immediately or soon after being drawn, placed in vessels at various temperatures between 90° Fah., and the initial temperature is maintained for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, it will be found that, the nearer the temperature of the milk is to freezing point, the more rapid is the collection of cream, the more considerable is the quantity of cream, the amount of butter is greater, and the skimmed milk, the butter and cheese are of better quality. It is probable that the refrigeration arrests the evolution of the living organisms which set up fermentation, and hinders the changes which are due to their growth.

HOW TO CURE SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—First cleanse the heels well from all dirt and other foreign matter, with a strong soda made by means of carbolic soap and warm water. Then, dry the parts well, and be careful to remove the soapy matter thoroughly from the sore, in order to prevent the collection of dirt. Then dress the heels with a lotion composed of carbolic acid, one part; cold water, forty parts; three times a day. In one-quarter of an hour after using the lotion rub over the diseased surface with glycerine, and keep the parts supplied with it. Give him, mixed in his feed of grain, at night and morning, one and a-half ounces of liquor arsenicalis each time, and continue this treatment for a time after his heels have dried up.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

It is claimed by the *Terre Haute Express* that the masses of Western people are better educated than are the people of the Eastern States.

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

LOCAL AGENTS.

A. G. READ, Woodland.
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POSTOFFICE NOTICE.

Mail arrives at Winters... 11:20 a.m. and 8:20 p.m.
San Francisco and Southern Mail closes, 9:20 p.m.
Sacramento, Northern and Eastern " " 10:20 p.m.

OFFICE HOURS.

7 o'clock a.m. to 5 o'clock p.m. and 7 o'clock p.m. to 9 o'clock p.m.

ON SUNDAYS.

8 o'clock a.m. to 10 o'clock a.m.; 4 o'clock p.m. to 6 o'clock p.m.

LORENZO MOORE, Postmaster.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING TO-NIGHT.

Hon. Barclay Henley will address the people this, Saturday, evening, from the stand in front of Sackett's Hall, on the REAL ISSUES of the Day. Mr. H. is a fluent speaker, and will command the attention of his audience, which promises to be the largest gathering ever seen in our town. Come one, come all.

HOTEL KEEPER'S LIENS.—A correspondent writes us to inform him if "the last Legislature made any amendment to this law respecting Hotel Keeper's Liens." On examining the Code as amended by the last Legislature, in the office of Judge Hulse, we find that the law as now in force does make stringent provisions in the matter, providing that the keeper of every hotel, inn, boarding house or lodging house "has a lien upon the baggage or other property of value" brought there by the guest, boarder or lodger "until the board, or lodging, or room rent, and such extras as are furnished at his request," are paid for. On the other side, every keeper of any such establishment "must post in a conspicuous place in the office or public room, and in every bedroom, a printed copy of this law, and a statement of the charges by the day, and for meals or items furnished, and for lodging." For any violation or neglect of this provision by the landlord, the guest or boarder, or lodger not only goes free of charge, but may recover three times the sum he would have been compelled to pay had the law been complied with.

OUR TOWN.—In 1875 the assessed value of the town site of Winters was \$1,000 which at \$1.00 on the \$100 yielded \$10. This year, the assessed value of the property within the town limits is put down by the Assessor at \$100,000, which at the same rate as before will add to the State and county finances over \$2,500. The value of the establishment of railroad facilities in building up towns and thereby increasing the amount of taxable property is illustrated in the case of Winters. Competition in the life of business, and if a proper spirit in business operations were manifested, we have no doubt it would greatly increase the value of property in the future. We hear of a case or two of men who started business here, but having failed to make a success, from the cause above noted, are anxious to close out and leave town.

HEART DISEASE.—Thomas Keegan, brother of Mrs. Ely Seabold, and foreman of No. 1's Hose, of Sacramento, died at the residence of Mr. Ely Seabold, in the vicinity of Cottonwood, on Monday last, of heart disease. Mr. Keegan went to Mr. S's some time since for the benefit of his health, but being very ill, and a member of the L. O. O. F., the members of that noble order in this town, paid him every attention up to the time of his death. The remains were forwarded to Sacramento for interment. Mr. Keegan was a young man, aged 28 years, a native of New London, Connecticut, and a member of Industrial Lodge, L. O. O. F., and Red Jacket Tribe of Red Men, of Sacramento City, and leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss.

THE CASE OF LEO ROBERTS.—The case of Mr. Roberts was up before Judge Denison, of the Sixth Judicial District, at Sacramento, on Saturday last. The charge on which Mr. Roberts was arrested, was for attempting to leave the State with intent to defraud his creditors. The proof adduced by the attorneys of Mr. Roberts, went to substantiate the facts, that he had no intention to leave the State at the time, and also, that all the monies received for the sale of his property and effects at Winters, he paid to his creditors, as far as it went. The proofs were conclusive to the fact that the charge on which he was arrested was false in every particular, and the Judge ordered Mr. Roberts to be released from imprisonment.

MONTICELLO STORE.—Messrs. Welch, Switzer & Co., have on hand at their store at Monticello, a large stock of general merchandise, with all the adjuncts of a first-class country store, so that their patrons can be accommodated with all they may desire for living or luxury. For particulars see advertisement in another column.

ACCIDENT.—Wednesday last a team from Cottonwood runaway, throwing Mr. Jordan out of the wagon and dislocating his wrist. Dr. Bell reduced the dislocation, and Mr. J. returned to his home the following day.

REVIVALS.—Rev. W. H. Tubb writes us, that he will, "Lord willing, preach in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Winters, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Sept. 13th and 14th. Subject—Revivals, ancient and modern."

A HUNT.—Seventy-five cents worth of lumber and ten cents invested in nails, will save a broken neck one of these nights. Will our young friends on lower Main street take the hint?

REWARD.—A valuable reward will be given for a Smith & Wesson's Revolver, No. 8559. Said Revolver is my property. J. G. GIMBY.

Putah Canyon, Sept. 7, 1876-4t

Fog and rain have been among the visiters to our town this week.

A sale of wheat was made this week at \$1.35, the present offering price.

Our Visit to Monticello and Berryessa Valley—Ball Race, Etc.

THE BALL.

The ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Peacock, on Monday evening last at Monticello, was a grand affair. There were about 50 couples present; the music was excellent and everything passed off pleasantly. Our Jenkins, was a member of the delegation from Winters, and gives us the following description of the dresses, etc., of as many of the ladies present as it was possible for him to obtain:

Miss Ada Owen, was tastefully attired in a full black suit, with blue and white sleeveless jacket, ornaments gold, hair a la Pompadour.

Miss Dora Owen, made a very pretty appearance in steel colored cashmere, hair a la Pompadour, ornaments, gold.

Miss Mary McGowan was tastefully attired in cream colored grenadine, hair flowing, ornaments gold.

Miss Kate McGowan, in a like dress and ornaments.

Miss Anna Kahler, arrayed in white muslin, with suitable ornaments, looked charming.

Mrs. Kahler, in brown Empress skirt and white waist, made a lady-like appearance.

Miss Fisher, of Winters, in buff grenadine, hair flowing, made a very fine appearance on the floor.

Miss Lemmon, of Winters, was arrayed in grey grenadine, hair a la frizzle and danced well.

Mrs. Henrietta Dallas, appeared in white Pique, hair in braid.

Miss Tina Dallas, in green tulle and pink ornaments.

Miss Lizzie Higgins, in grey serge, and white swiss blouse, ornamented richly with flowers.

Mrs. Mitchell, in brown poplin.

Mrs. Peacock, in blue and white poplin, and a number of others whose names our Jenkins failed to procure. We apologize to those ladies for this dereliction of duty on the occasion, and promise the ladies that on the next festive occasion at Monticello, we shall cripple him a little in one of his hind legs before starting, so that he can pay more attention to his particular business than tripping it on the light fantastic toe.

THE SUPPER.

Dancing was kept up till 12 o'clock, when supper was announced, and the party sat down to a rich and luxurious feast, which left a vivid impression on the minds of the participants that Mrs. and Mr. Peacock knew how to cater to the tastes of the most fastidious. After supper dancing was resumed and continued "till daylight did appear."

THE RACE.

Tuesday, according to announcement, the half mile race, came off. The entries were, Vince Barnes, entered s. m. Daisy Dean, rider, Johnny Woods; J. Elliot, entered s. m. Fox, rider Charles Foster. A great deal of time was occupied in scoring, but at 3 o'clock a start was made, and after a close contest the horse came in ahead of the mare by about three feet. A large crowd of spectators were present and among them a fair delegation from Winters.

A TRIP THROUGH THE VALLEY.

Monday Sept. 4th, on the invitation of H. B. Sheldon, agent for A. Powell's Lumber Yard, we at 4 p. m. stepped into his buggy at the Parker House, behind Robt. Brown's best team of bays, having fortified ourselves for the trip, knowing that we "must pass through the 'Devil's Gate'."

Interviewed numerous friends until arriving at Mr. Rashmore's (Frank Culver's place); watered our team and selves, exchanged compliments, and with fragrant Havanas lighted, lit out for Monticello, being determined to get to the ball and supper at Mr. Peacock's. Nothing serious occurred excepting getting out of the road to pass some of our friends with their wheat teams, but compromised with a little Kentucky wine rather than face a more dangerous battery of light artillery. Finally, after passing the new two-story dwelling and waiting shed of the pioneer, Adam See, we finally reached the watering resort of Kendrick's Springs, (better known as Hot Town), in Portuguese Canyon, a new place sprung into existence since our former visit over the road in May. We watered Lodi and Mate; saw our friend Jim and his family, consisting of two or three families camped out, taking the benefit of hunting and fishing; but had to go along in order to be in time for the ball, etc. At 7 o'clock, (having lost half a hour in the Canyon waiting for teams), handed at our friend Peacock's Monticello Hotel; everything lively and in expectancy of the ball; turned our team over to the host who presides over the destinies of the equines who visit the Monticello Stables; found our townies William Brown, Thomas Lyons, Charles Welsh and others who had preceded us. On the invitation of the hotel proprietor, washed our faces and cleared our throats for supper. After doing justice to the supper, we strolled around town into the stores of Welch, Switzer & Co., and M. Cohen and called to see friend Barr with an oyster stand, "genuine Eastern Oysters," and which came to a good market, judging by the manner they disappeared as fast as three men and a boy could open them, and were so much sought for, that two men, Tom Clarkson and S. Black, (a friend of his,) ate \$8.50 worth without leaving the table, and declared they "were not hungry." As for ourselves, we were under obligations to Mr. Switzer for a nice dish of those oysters, a la shell, and can vouch for the good quality of Barr's oysters. We then adjourned to the ball-room and after attending to our toilet, soon engaged in the mazy dance until the hour of supper, after which we, among the ladies, returned to the ball-room to mingle until the wee sma' hours warned us to our room at the hotel, to sleep until morning. At 6 a. m. sharp, aroused by the voices of those less fortunate in securing sleeping accommodations or not wanting them, probably the latter, we arose deliberately, made our toilet, and set down to a splendid breakfast such as our caterer, for our friend P., knows how to get up, and after full justice done to it our gay boys were brought to the door, and in charge of Mr. S., we headed for Mr. S. Buford's finely improved farm and home. [To be Continued.]

WINTERS ADVERTISEMENTS.

WINTERS HOTEL,

MAIN STREET BET. RAILROAD AND FIRST.

O. L. PATCH, : : Proprietor.

FIRST-CLASS

Board and Lodging

BY THE

Day or Week

—AT—

REASONABLE RATES.

A CHOICE LOT OF

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

ALWAYS ON HAND

AT THE BAR.

WINTERS

Hardware Store,

MAIN STREET BETWEEN RAILROAD AND FIRST.

J. R. TERRILL, : Proprietor.

Has constantly on hand

HARDWARE, STOVES, PUMPS, TINWARE, CHICKENY WARE, GALVANIZED IRON PIPES

PAINTS AND OILS,

All kinds of Tinware

Made to Order,

ALSO AGENT FOR

Althouse Wind-Mills.

W. E. are prepared to put up and furnish all parties with the above named Wind-Mills.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

WINTERS STORE

CORNER OF MAIN AND FIRST STREETS.

WINTERS.

DON'T FORGET THE NEW

Boot and Shoe Store.

BOOTS AND SHOES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION SOLD

Cheap for Cash.

ALSO BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE TO ORDER.

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

IS MY MOTTO.

R. D. FITZGERALD, Prop.

WINE AND BILLIARD

Parlors,

Sackett's Building, Main St. bet. Railroad and First.

T. E. LYON, : : PROPRIETOR.

THE BEST OF

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

On hand, also a first-class

BILLIARD TABLE.

PALACE SALOON.

MADISON HAS REPUTED RE-

freshened and remodeled the saloon formerly occupied by Johnson & Norton, has on hand a choice lot of

LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

And everything in complete running order.

Topplease is my Motto

171st M. WADSWORTH, Proprietor.

EL DORADO BILLIARD ROOM.

MAIN STREET, WINTERS.

Fresh California and Eastern

OYSTERS.

IN ALL STYLES.

THE BEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

constantly on hand.

120th HARRY BARR, Proprietor.

M. WOODLEY.

MORON & WOOLLEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND DEALERS IN

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

No. 422 Davis Street, bet. Oregon and Jackson Streets.

SAN FRANCISCO.

P. O. Box, 1848.

J. P. FLOBERG,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

No. 60 J Street, bet. Second and Third, SACRAMENTO.

Watches and Chronometers Repaired and warranted. Jewelry Made and Repaired.

PAINT SHOP

FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE PAINT SHOP OF JOSEPH MURRAY, ON

Alby, near Railroad street. This shop is centrally located and has been doing a good business, especially in the

CARRIAGE PAINTING LINE.

For further particulars inquire next door to the shop of

JOSEPH MURRAY.

WOODLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. KRELLBERG,

Dealer and Manufacturer of all kinds of

Furniture and Bedding

Watch will be sold at

REASONABLE PRICES,

ALSO

General Undertaker.

I keep on hand a large lot of

BURIAL CASES AND COFFINS

AND HAVE A

FIRST-CLASS HEARSE,

So that I am prepared to supply everything necessary for funerals on short notice.

Store corner Third and Main Streets, Opposite Pockman & Bock's Livery Stables, WOODLAND.

J. R. EDMONDS,

WOODLAND.

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

HARNESS!

SADDLES, BRIDLES, HALTERS,

BUGGIES, LAMP DUSTERS,

WHIPS, GLOVES, ETC.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING

DONE TO ORDER

AND AT LIVING RATES.

CAPITAL HOTEL

WOODLAND.

HAVING PURCHASED THOROUGH-

ly renovated and refurnished this old and favorite house throughout, the past crop of the traveling and resident public is respectfully solicited.

GOOD BOARDING AND COMFORTABLE ROOMS

AT REASONABLE PRICES by the day or week.

The Table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

NO CHINESE COOKS EMPLOYED.

Free "B" to and from all passenger trains.

JOHN TACKNEY, Proprietor.

Fashionable Dressmaker.

Mrs. John Webber,

THE WELL KNOWN

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER

(HAS REMOVED TO

A. ALEXANDER'S WHITE HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

WHERE she is prepared to make Dresses of all kinds in the LATEST STYLES. She does her work neatly and promptly, and satisfaction.

All orders from the Country, for Dress Goods or Trimmings will receive prompt attention.

J. K. SMITH,

FURNITURE DEALER AND

UNDERTAKER

Opposite Craft House, Woodland.

A FULL SUPPLY OF

WOOD AND METALIC BURIAL CASES

AND CASKETS.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Orders by Telegraph Promptly

Attended to.

E. BYNUM & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

CORNER OF

Main and Railroad Street, Woodland.

DEALERS IN

FRESH DRUGS

AND MEDICINES,

PAINT, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, ETC.

Incorporated under the Laws of the State of California.

CAPITAL STOCK (in U. S. Gold Coin), \$500,000

Bank of Woodland.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING

AND EXCHANGE BUSINESS.

Gives particular attention to the collection of

NOTES, DRAFTS,

COUPONS, DIVIDENDS, ETC.

J. D. STEPHENS, President

C. W. BUSH, Cashier.

W. H. LUDWIG.

Elston & Ludden.

SUCCESSORS TO

J. L. SIMPSON,

DRUGGISTS,

Galbraith's Block, Main Street, WOODLAND.

FRESH DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

EMPIRE SALOON,

Corner Main and Second Streets, WOODLAND.

G. W. BENTLEY, : Proprietor.

WINE, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

67 Ome and see me.

E. R. BUSH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW

WOODLAND, CAL.

Will practice in the District and Supreme Courts.

CASTLE HALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office on Main Street opposite the Post-office, Woodland.

WINTERS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Blum & Co., F. B. Chandler

DEALERS IN

CLOTHING AND DRYGOODS.

DEALER IN

Fencing!

